ſooth I will hould my tongue, ſo your face bids mee, though you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruſt nor crum,
Weatie of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redres, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you protect this courſe, and put on by your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe, ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholſome weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie muſt call diſcreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge ſparrow fed the Cooſkow ſo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, ſo out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come ſir, I would you would make vſe of that good wiſedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away theſe diſpoſitions, that of late tranſforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe know when the cart drawes the horſe, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth *Lear* walke thus? ſpeake thus? where are his eyes, either his notion, weaknes, or his diſcernings are lethergie, ſleeping, or waking; ha! ſure tis not ſo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* ſhadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of ſoueraintie, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould bee falſe perſwaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come ſir, this admiration is much of the ſauour of other your new prankes, I doe beſeech you vnderſtand my purpoſes aright, as you are old and reuerend, ſhould be wiſe, here do you keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men ſo diſordred, ſo deboyſt and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, ſhowes like

like a riotous Inne, epicuriſme, and lu
or brothell, then a great pallace, the
for inſtant remedie, be thou deſired b
thing ſhee begs, a little to diſquantit
mainder that ſhall ſtill depend, to b
your age, that know themſelues and

Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! ſadd
together, degenerate baſtard, ile no
a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and y
ſeruants of their betters.

Lear. We that too late repent's, C
will that wee prepare any horſes, in
ted fiend, more hideous when thou
the Sea-monſter, deteſted kite, tho
choiſe and rareſt parts, that all parti
in the moſt exact regard, ſupport th
moſt ſmall fault, how vgly did'ſt t
like an engine wrencht my frame of
drew from my heart all loue and ad
beat at this gate that let thy folly i
out, goe goe, my people?

Duke, My Lord, I am giltles as I

Lear. It may be ſo my Lord, har
deſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if tho
creature fruitful into her wombe, c
the organs of increaſe, and from he
a babe to honour her, if ſhee muſ
ſpleene, that it may liue and bee a
her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her
teares, fret channels in her cheeks
and benefits to laughter and conte
ſhe may feele, how ſharper then a
thankleſſe child, goe, goe, my peo

Duke. Now Gods that we adore

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe t
diſpoſition haue that ſcope that d

Lear. What, fiftie of my followe

D

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.18)